



# The Bystander.

## Butter Side Up, Please.

When certain tourist ladies requested The Advertiser to tell them on which side to butter a toasted cracker, and this paper passed on the request for information, it started something and I have been caught in the impetus. Not only have I been deluged with replies and suggestions, but I have been handed other nuts to crack. Among my letters yesterday I received the following, and after I had read them someone called me up on the telephone and wanted to know if I could tell him why does a hoop snake hoop. These various suggestions as to the proper side upon which to butter a cracker I pass along.

### An Expert Opinion.

Dear Bystander:—In answer to your query "What side should a toasted cracker be buttered on?" before answering I wish to say that I am much surprised that the question has arisen and am surprised also that the public has taken this matter so seriously. This weighty question has been given much thought by noted experts the world over and at a convention of gastronomical experts gathered from all parts of the world at Berlin some twenty-five years ago this question was settled for all time.

It was unanimously voted on at that time that a toasted cracker should not be buttered at all.

Experts decided that the only proper way to eat a toasted cracker was to spread a portion of imported Colman's cheese thereon and to nibble daintily so as not to distribute the fragrance of this toothsome morsel over too wide an area. Colman's cheese may be purchased at any up-to-date grocery or at some take stores for about three dollars and twenty-five cents a pound. By buying it in ten-pound lots you get it cheaper, provided, of course, that the board of health allows you to keep it on your premises. In the absence of Colman's cheese I would suggest Roquefort or Limburger but never butter.

Trusting that the young ladies who are giving the high cost of living so much attention will give these views of mine deep thought. I remain, yours very truly, JOHN DETOR.

### Grab It Quick.

Cracker Editor Advertiser:—Upon which side shall we butter the cracker? If you use Australian butter put it on top so it can't get away from you, but if it's good old home churned like mother used to make, put the butter on the bottom and plenty of it so you get the taste the moment it reaches your mouth. JOHN BLITZ.

### Why Worry?

Cracker Editor:—In these times of trouble in Mexico, no dividends on sugar, no boxing matches, no rain, squabbling supervisors and Joe Fern as our mayor I don't care which side you butter the cracker on as long as it is buttered. THE OLD TIMER.

### Real Light at Last.

Dear Mr. Bystander:—It does not make much difference which side a toasted cracker is buttered on. The principal thing about a toasted cracker, that science has discovered is, that it should not be eaten in bed. Yours very truly, HANAWAKI KRUGER.

### By an Epicure.

Editor Bystander:—The query propounded by your fair correspondent, "Gertrude S." opens up a question of grave moment. The young lady shows commendable qualities, viz, in endeavoring to seek an answer to this most vexing problem of gastronomic and culinary economy by application to humble readers, like myself, through your columns.

The lady is undoubtedly familiar with the science of dietetics and realizes completely the necessity of killing the germs, bacteria and other insects often occurring in this form of nutriment as found in tropical stores, by the application of heat to the exterior periphery of the cracker. The carbonation of the flaky carbohydrates and proteins by the application of the direct flame of a gas stove renders the alimentary portion of the food more digestible.

The writer, since the subject has been brought to his attention, has endeavored to consummate the toasting process over the electric lamp but it did not work. While devoting all his gray matter to the solution of the problem, and while his back was turned, the chunk of butter with which the toasted cracker was to be anointed wrenched itself loose from the lid of the dresser against which it had been impaled with a jack knife and escaped. McDuffie was notified. It is reported that he is still on the scent.

But to get back to the crackers. The technique as prescribed by Gertrude is absolutely correct. Where to put the butter depends on the butter. If it is the genuine Al Glenwood oleaginous joy, deposit a large slab on the concave surface of the partially carbonated cracker. If it is genuine California apple-blossom creamery spread it in the convex or obverse surface—mighty thin. If it is guaranteed fresh tinned Australian throw the can out the window, turn out the light and go to bed. SCIENTIFIC.

### A Meek Point, Too.

Mr. Editor:—Gertrude S. enlisted my sympathies with her query, "What is the proper side to butter a toasted cracker on?" which appeared in this morning's Advertiser. I confess that the query is not altogether a simple one to answer. However, at the risk of being laughed at, I would suggest that the outside of the toasted cracker would be the right side to butter, for if one were to apply the butter to the inside it would require the breaking of the cracker, which would necessarily cause waste, especially as each of the three dear creatures eat, according to their plaint, eleven crackers at luncheon.

Changing the subject, let me ask you, dear editor, why did Wilder try to get Lander so far away from home. Having endeavored to help Gertrude S. out with her pilikia, I would also enlist her aid and that of her two sweet girl chums by asking if any of the trio could help me get Wilder on the point. RUDOLPH J. SMYTHE.

### Salute First.

The Bystander:—The only proper way to butter a toasted cracker is to put the butter on the dish surface, which the baker wisely provided for that purpose. If the cracker is of the perforated variety, plug up the holes with putty and serve hot, hollow side up. A. BACHELOR.

P. S. If butter is of superior rank salute before eating.

### Keep the Yolk Side Up.

Editor Bystander:—As you have opened a question and answer column presided over by a man who presumably knows which side his bread (or cracker) is buttered on, it will be a great relief to my wife and myself to have the following question answered. We are both fond of bacon and fried eggs for breakfast. I think the eggs should be fried on one side and she thinks they ought to be fried on the other side. Which is correct? "HENPECKED."

## Our Coming Great Centenary.

The exercises to be held at Kawaiahae Church on Tuesday afternoon should awaken Hawaii to the fact that we are soon to be in for a series of centenaries and other historical celebrations. It will soon be time, for one thing, to celebrate the centenary of the arrival in these islands of the first band of missionaries, and when that time comes, the celebration could be and should be a national one. It was in 1820, soon after the new year, that the weary travelers, in the brig Thaddeus, reached Kailua, Hawaii, only to be rebuffed by the king and kept in suspense for a time until he could make up his royal mind whether or not it would be safe to allow these strangers to remain.

It will soon be time for the descendants of those early pioneers

to commence arranging for an adequate celebration of that arrival. It is a celebration that should be taken part in particularly by the representatives of the people of the Southern Islands, of the Pacific Coast and of New England, because the fruits of the gospel seeds sent out from Boston and sown by the first missionaries to Hawaii have been enjoyed in many continents and islands, by many tribes and races and peoples. The backwaters took the Gospel to the wilds of Oregon; preachers of the Word went from Hawaii to California, preceding the Forty-niners; to Micronesia and other Pacific isles journeyed Hawaii's foreign missionaries. Here, the first Japanese to be educated in English received his instructions from the missionaries and this man helped in a large way to bring about a clear understanding between the representatives of the Shogun and Admiral Perry, the man who "opened up Japan to the world."

From Hawaii, as a result of the training of the missionaries, went young Armstrong to the mainland, prepared, when the call came, to devote his life to the uplift of the lowliest among Americans, the slaves. He fought through the war and emerged a general. He continued in his efforts to help the negroes. He founded Hampton Institute, that has given Booker Washington to the world and has demonstrated that all the black man needs is equal opportunity to make good.

From Hawaii went the Gulicks—to China, to Japan, to Europe, to the South Seas. From Hawaii went the Bingham—to the islands of the sea, to the new-old lands of South America, while upon the bows of a succession of schooners and little steamers, into thousands of ports and landings of the Pacific, has been carried the name "Hiram Bingham," and always with it the word of peace on earth. From Hawaii went many worthy sons to many places of labor.

Hawaii's roll of fame is a long one and it is headed by the names of those early teachers who came here nearly one hundred years ago. Little Hawaii has played a great part in the destiny of nations. It is fit that the nation—if not the world—should be invited to take part in whatever celebration we plan of the centenary of the day the Thaddeus brought her passengers to Kailua. That celebration should be a notable one.

## Could Only See One Side.

A very prominent business man supplied the following anecdote of the candidate who went away a baron and hopes to come back a king. "Soapbox" and a banker own adjoining lots in the lower part of the town. The party-fence between the premises needed repairs and so Honolulu's would-like-to-be postmaster went to his

events staged are not historically correct. None is going to know the difference when the films are shown at Nishinogoro or Hampton-on-the-Stone or Medicine Hat, and none is going to care, any more than we of Honolulu care whether Indians off the reservation wear the headgear of the Comanches or how many scalps they take from prairie schooner beauties. There used to be a time when Honolulu got real excited over having moving pictures taken, but I trust we have outgrown that.

## SOME REMARKS BY HIGH PRIVATE JONES

High Private Jones lounged on his bunk in a high dudgeon. It was bad enough, he reflected, to have lost his bunk on the last transport for the States, but when one had to move his bunk up to within six inches of the adjoining one to make room for a raw recruit, a brand new 1914 seven-year model, why that was absolutely the last straw. Wherefore he pulled on his old pipe in short, jerky puffs, and glowered in silence at the unhappy and miserably conscious cause of his discomfiture, until that young man was moving around the room on tiptoe, too frightened to speak.

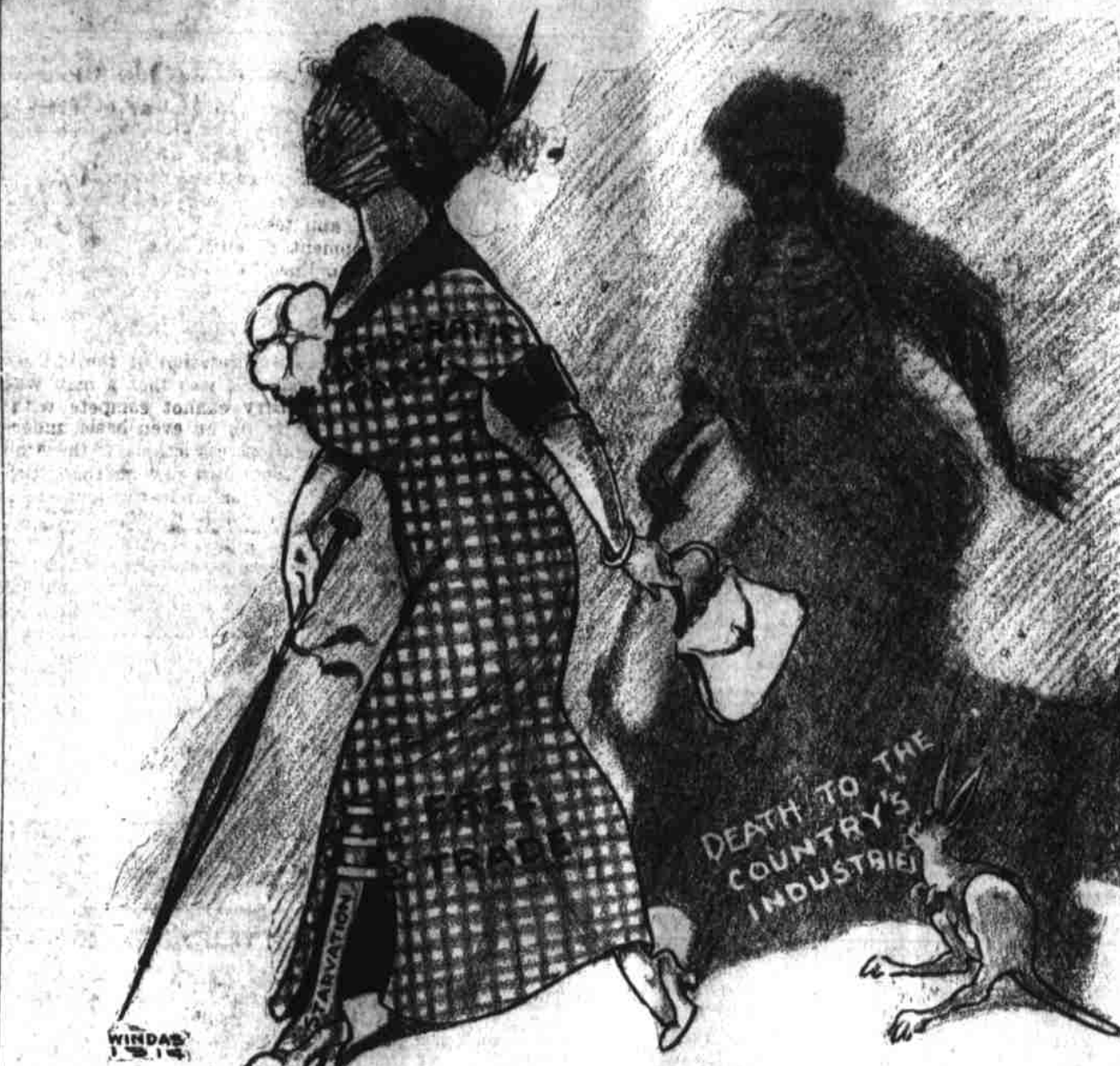
When Jones had nursed his grievances in silence to a point where something had to happen, he got up, put away his pipe, and donning cap and blouse, started for the Volcano House across the track. Passing the company barber shop, some one called out to ask where he was going, and was promptly informed in no uncertain language that it was among other things, none of his business, and some other things not exactly relevant to the inquiry.

The remainder of the walk over to the track was without incident, until, crossing over into the gully, our peevish friend became an amused spectator to the shaking down of the banker of a poker game by an indignant player who cast various aspersions upon the integrity of the dealer because the latter had stowed away conveniently upon his person, several cards missing from the decks in use. When the smoke of battle had cleared away and the proprietor of the Volcano House had come on the run with his first aid remedies and piled the battered contestants with arnica and plaster, Jones was restored to good humor.

He thawed out completely as he entered the enclosure and the Sergeant of Horse motioned him to a seat behind the latrine and called for another one with the same sign.

"What do you think of that junk the top was readin' out at retreat last evening?" asked the Sergeant. "Well, I dunno," said Jones. "I'm afraid it'll put an awful strain on the officers, tryin' to carry it out. If they've got to be nice, an' say, 'Yes, Sir, Private Jones,' every time, I'm afraid they'll have to take it out on somebody, and I don't think it'll be the secretary of war, so you've got three guesses. Just imagine that shavvy of ours sayin' 'squads right please, or 'Private Jones, kindly correct the position of your

## Looked All Right Before New Styles Came



Appearances Used to Be Deceiving.

neighbor and suggested a new one, offering to supply the labor and materials, have it painted and supervise the job on a fifty-fifty basis, without charge for his own time, as he said he knew the financial magnate was too busy to attend to such details. Just before closing time, Saturday "Soapbox" breezed into the office, said the job was wau, and that he wanted to pay off the labor, and the half of the cost agreed on was handed across.

A few days later the owner of the property happened out that way and went over to look at the new fence. It seemed well built and looked like a good job, but was only painted on one side—next "Soapbox's" lot. "That," said the financial gentleman, "gave me a pretty good insight into the qualifications of Barron as a candidate for the postmastership."

## Give the Movie Man a Chance.

Let us hope that by this time Honolulu has become accustomed sufficiently to the man with the moving-picture machine that we will keep out of his range and not insist upon gratifying our vulgar curiosity and asserting our rights as American citizens to go where we please and snoop his work when next he appears in public. There is a moving-picture company here to "do Hawaii." Let us hope it will be allowed to do it, and if there be any advertising value in being made the background for moving-picture dramas, let us get it. For myself I am very sceptical about the promotion value of the ordinary moving picture, however often it may be shown. The famous scenes filmed by Bonine, like those of the Volcano and Haleakala, are exceptions, of course. Such pictures as those induce the desire to travel in people, but the ordinary camera drama does not. At least, it never tempted me to go abroad to see for myself the prairies, over which I have seen millions of cowboys ride millions of unnecessary miles at the movies. I have never wanted to visit those Colorado mountains where the stage coaches were held up by two hundred-pound bandits encoined behind eight waving blades of sword-grass, nor have I wandered far from home into frozen regions where walrusmen sharpen their tusks on the icebergs.

On the other hand, I have never stayed away from those places just because of the cowboys and the bandits and the tusks. So, after all, we have nothing to be afraid of if the moving picture men want to hire Hawaiians to represent savages, or if some of the

pieces. Honest I'd re-enlist here if I thought I'd ever got to see anything like that, wouldn't you? Get a picture of our major at regimental parade tryin' to save up his speed for a private interview when he sees a couple o' young jinks presentin' arms at the adjutant's command instead of waitin' for him. That'd be a cruel an' unusual punishment on the major, wouldn't it?

"I don't believe it's goin' to work very well, sergeant. You might get a commandin' officer to forward a kick to the secretary of war when somebody finds the top an' the Q. M. disposin' of a dozen cases of oil an' lettin' the quarters go dark, but you can't fly in the face of nature an' expect an officer to save up a bawlin' out for a private interview every time he sees a homebred play. He might forget it. What'd you do if you had some john out on the range instructin' him how to shoot, an' he got jammed after the second shot and tried to stick another clip in durin' the excitement? You'd forget all about his self-respect wouldn't you old man?"

But the sergeant, whose memory was touched in a tender spot, only smiled remissly and signed to Herman for a couple more of the same.

## The End-Seat Ec.

A recent department of agriculture report states that the United States produces one-eighth of all the sheep in the world, one-eighth of the cattle and one-third of the hogs. The other two-thirds are said to originate in oriental lands. The noble Asiatic working man bugs the end-seat on the street cars as if it were his right to obstruct the travelling public.

He sits, he stays got, and it would take a stick of dynamite to bulge him.

Our oriental neighbors in Hawaii are wont to complain that they are not treated as equals under the Five. Courtesy to one's fellows is one of the privileges of equality. The representatives of the oriental races have gone to length, in this regard. Among the worst offenders in this connection are the simple courtesies of the road like the half-raven rule of school boys and girls who rush into the streets and stand close behind a compelling ladies and gentlemen to chambers and then to not stand. Acknowledgment of the rights of the road is based upon the Anglo-Saxon. Road-hogs and end-seat bugs are not pleasant animals with which to be thrown in contact.

## Small Talks

JUDGE R. P. QUARLES.—Dark horses were always my favorites in good old Idaho and, if I am led to believe rightly, they seem to be winners in Hawaii.

JOHN HUGHES.—You can lead an Irishman with a packthread, but you cannot drive him with a bludgeon. How about leading those Ulstermen? Why, they're not Irish! They're Unionists.

LEON STRAUB.—The Democrats are doing the best thing possible for the sugar industry of Hawaii. They are acting in such a way that Republican administration is a certainty after 1916.

LORRIN ANDREWS.—If any one law firm of Honolulu ever had the idea that it had the monopoly on the naming of supreme court judges I think it has now learned that a mistake was made somewhere.

A. C. WHEELER.—The worst thing about being assistant territorial superintendent of public works, which in itself is quite some title, is that one has to travel away from home so often. As far as Hilo, sometimes.

MARSHAL E. R. HENDRY.—It is really gratifying to me that many people whom it never was my pleasure to know intimately are now among those who favor my retention in office. This is a good sign of the times.

JEAN DRAPEAU.—Wen I think of some of ze appointment ze President of dis gr-r-r-eat republic make I think with Shakespeare ven he say, "Some people are born gr-r-r-eat and oders have gr-r-r-eatness thrust upon them."

H. C. HAPAI.—At the cost of breaking into print, which I greatly dislike, I am restrained to remind people who have not made their correction returns for 1914 that something will happen soon unless they make up for their delinquency.

NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN JOHN H. WILSON.—It ain't so much a question of who got Pacheco's scalp, for that is not yet in evidence, but of who gave Wilder the solar plexus. The latter is what I and some of us Democrats want to know.

JEFF McCARN.—If my friend J. W. Thompson got "cheesy" over a newspaper story that I was considerably older than him, he has lost the feeling since the applications we filed in the supreme court show that I am almost three years his junior.

CAPT. VALENTIN H. FRANG.—Since my elevation to the chaplaincy of the First Regiment, National Guard of Hawaii, most fashionable Army weddings are coming my way. The military touch given the ceremonial is quite piquant, I assure you.

CHESTER DOYLE.—I wish some sapient individual would start a "Society for the preservation of useless noises," that might devote its energies to have the ice and bread man wear gum shoes, especially when delivering their wares on Sunday morning.

W. H. C. CAMPBELL.—I understand some friends have been trying to get the "goat" of a particular friend of mine who recently paid five dollars for smoking on the wharf. I think it was worth more than five dollars to stir all that row among Honolulu officials.

HOT LIN.—This time vely bad time for smuggler opium. I think Democles be vely hungry for money and he make keep trouble for Chinaman who smoke opium. Wars trouble is because Chinaman smoke opium and spend money, but white man he make all money for him.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM.—When The Advertiser gave out the secret last Sunday that I was going to work all that day it brought me a lot of trouble and I have not heard the last of it. For my own peace of mind I have resolved hereafter not to again violate the Sabbath Law.

JOHN AIMOKU DOMINIS.—Many people seem to think that I am a repository of divorce-court secrets and it is not unusual to have 50 and 80 come over to me and ask, "Is This and That following for divorce yet?" It really bothers me, don't you know, but I should worry.

M. C. PACHECO.—Is it treason or less majestic for a commoner to aspire and endeavor to improve his lot? If this were a simple question of law I would put it up to former Associate Justice A. A. Wilder to answer, as he appears to think that a Portuguese has absolutely no right to look beyond the emerald.

A. D. CASTRO.—The sweet harmony which exists among the five or six factions which constitute what is called the Democratic Party of Hawaii reminds me forcibly that there is an election coming next November. Defeat a year and a half ago brought peace to the Republicans which I believe will abide with us yet awhile.

HENRY AKIMA.—One thing I want this public utility probe to tell me. How is it the Inter-Island company can afford to carry passengers to Hilo for twelve cents when the best big Matson boats can do it for seventeen dollars? Seems to me those Inter-Island fellows better look out, or by and by they bust.

JAMES D. DOLE.—If there is any corporation business free and open to competition it is the pineapple canning business of Hawaii, and this talk of a pineapple trust is humbug. We are regulated both by the Sherman Act and by the law of supply and demand and we know enough not to monkey with either economic law or the law of the land.

JOHN M. MARTIN.—I would much rather see the license commissioners grant a saloon license for Kakaako than one for the "respectable" kind of a saloon the Pleasanton would be. He is at the respectable places that the young men learn to drink and get their start. It is in Kakaako and such places where they end up. If they never start out on the cocktail route they never die in the slum ditches.

WILLIAM RAVIDGE.—I believe that Judge Wilder made a serious mistake when he butted in on the postmastership contest. Pacheco is all right. One thing in Pacheco's favor is that he is a Honolulu. The way the hammer is being wielded down here among our own people, against our own people, makes me believe that there never will be a federal appointment made here from the local crop of aspirants.

J. A. KENNEDY.—My experience with excursion rates on the steamer of our line is that it is easy to lower them but hard to make them higher. We have to make special concessions to politicians and ministers all the time. When that Ad Club bunch wanted to charter a boat to go to Hilo I made them a good rate for sixty passengers. I had no faith in the Ad Club, then, but do you know, those fellows turned up more than they agreed to.

JOSHUA D. TUCKER (Land Commissioner).—I have just been notified that the Army people will take from us something like 220 acres of the land of Kealahou, in Kaneohe, Windward Oahu, for military purposes. These lands are on the mauka side of the government road and run back to the mountain ridge. What is bothering me is that we had just completed the survey and platting of these lands for homesteads and expected to throw these open at an early date to the public. The expense to the Territory was not inconsiderable, either.

A. P. TAYLOR (San Francisco).—The Ad Club's action in boosting for a World's Fair building for Hawaii at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915, was surely a splendid thing. The Ad Club is certainly becoming one of the big factors in Honolulu. In fact, its stunts and wide-awake methods have been heralded, for on Tuesday last I was invited to make an address before the Oakland Ad Club at the Hotel Oakland, and to speak particularly about the "Pirates" of the Honolulu Ad Club. No building for Hawaii should be established at the exposition unless it is one which will dignify the important place which Hawaii holds in the national commonwealth. When one sees the splendid palaces at the fair grounds, and the plans for buildings for foreign countries and the States, the suggestion of a plain, corrugated iron building for "The Paradise of the Pacific" is a travesty on the fame of our beautiful islands. By all means put up a building commensurate with the greatness of our "loveliest fleet of islands that lies in any ocean."

## Wilson His Own Stenographer

When President Wilson writes a message to congress he tries to fill the public eye with a picture of the issue—a moving picture. His screen is the press. The film that catches swift thought and lucid argument from his brain is the shorthand he learned as a 16-year-old boy.

How much the habit of composing in shorthand and then plugging out the transcription on the typewriter that stands in the private study of the White House, far from the executive offices, contributes that which reporters call the "punch" in the president's state papers can only be guessed. Mr. Wilson never wrote in any other way. His predecessors used goose-quill, steel pens or dictated their thought to stenographers. Their messages were usually long; President Wilson's are short and always vivid.

President Wilson combines with the well-adjusted mental mechanism of the trained thinker a ranging imagination and in words a swift felicity of phrasing. His shorthand is rapid enough to catch and chain to paper subtleties of thought that otherwise might be deadened in the sound of dictation or drowned in ink. Even with fair speed on the typewriter, the President finds the machine a less valuable aid to original composition than stenography. Pausing for a word, he is conscious that the rattle of the keys has ceased, and the staccato resumption is a shock to the sharp refinements of expression with which both his speeches and his conversation abound.—Harper's Weekly.